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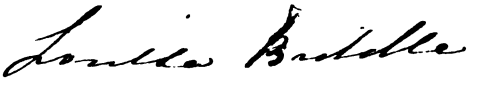

THE

MUSES' BOWER,

EMBELLISHED WITH

THE

BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. I.

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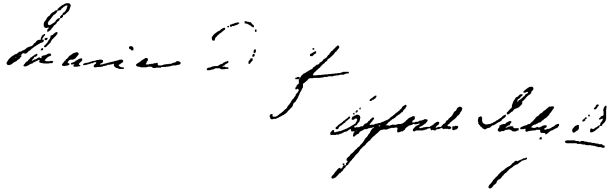

VOL. I.

LYRICAL AND PATHETIC

PIECES.

PREFATORY ADVERTISEMENT.

THE works of the British Poets are now become so extremely voluminous, as frequently to render somewhat difficult of access, a considerable portion of the most beautiful pieces of poetic composition. In this view of the subject, a compilation of the most admired productions of many eminent authors, appears particularly calculated, not only to obviate such an inconvenience, but also to promote that degree of mental gratification which has ever been found to result from the cultivation of this department of belles lettres. In the selection which is here presented to the reader, the Editor has endeavoured to concentrate within the limits of the following volumes, a collection of the sublimest effusions, and most elegant compositions of the BRI-

TISH MUSE; and at the same time to exhibit (if he may be so far allowed the expression) a panoramic display of THE BEAUTIES OF POETRY. Under these considerations, it is presumed the Selection will not be without its use, even to those who may possess the entire works from which the compilation has been made.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

THE Passions, an Ode for Music.	*Collins*	1
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.	*Pope*	6
Alexander's Feast.	*Dryden*	12
An Ode of Petrarch to the Fountain of Valchiusa	*Sir W. Jones*	18
Laura, an Elegy from Petrarch.	*Idem*	21
A Turkish Ode of Mesihi.	*Idem*	28
Monody to the Memory of Mrs. Lyttelton	*Lord Lyttelton*	31
Rural Elegance.	*Shenstone*	44
Winter Amusements.	*Anstey*	56
The Man of Sorrow.	*Greville*	59
A Prayer for Indifference	*Mrs. Greville*	62
The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville	*Countess of C.*	65
An Evening Address to the Nightingale	*Shaw*	68
Elegy to Pity	*R.*	73
Recollections in Adversity	*J. M.*	75
Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady	*Pope*	77

Dirge in Cymbeline	*Collins* . .	81
Ode to Pity	*Idem* . . .	83
Ode to Evening	*Idem* . . .	85
Ode to Simplicity	*Idem* . . .	87
Ode, written in the year 1746 . .	*Idem* . . .	89
Ode to Mercy	*Idem* . . .	90
Ode to Fear	*Idem* . . .	92
Il Bellicoso	*Mason* . .	95
Il Pacifico	*Idem* . . .	103
L'Allegro	*Milton* . .	109
Il Penseroso	*Idem* . . .	115
Pollio, an Elegiac Ode	*Mickle* . .	122
Ode to Wisdom	*Mrs. Carter*	129
The Tranquil Evening	*Idem* . . .	133
To the Feathered Race	*Graves* . .	135
The Beggar's Petition	*Anon* . . .	137
Ode to Spring	*Mrs. Barbauld*	139
[illegible]e to Content	*Idem* . . .	142
[illegible]de to Morning	*Anon* . . .	145
[illegible]de to Solitude	*Grainger* .	148
[illegible] the Death of Addison . . .	*Tickell* . .	158

Cynthia, an Elegiac Poem . . . *Dr. Percy* . 163
The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse *Judge Blackstone* 168
The Fireside . . . . . *Cotton* . . 172
The Triumph of Indifference . . *Anon* . . 176
The Tears of Scotland . . . . *Smollett* . . 180
Ode to Leven Water . . . . . *Idem* . . 182
Ode on Melancholy . . . . . *Mason* . . 184
Ode to Fancy . . . . . *J. Warton* . 187
Ode on the Spring . . . . . *Idem* . . 193
Ode to Evening . . . . . *Idem* . . 194
The Hamlet . . . . . *T. Warton* 196
The Suicide . . . . . *Idem* . . 198
The First of April . . . . . *Idem* . . 203
Ode on the Approach of Summer . *Idem* . . 207
Ode on the Spring . . . . . *Gray* . . 221
On the Death of a favourite Cat drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes . . *Idem* . . 223
On a distant Prospect of Eton College *Idem* . . 225
Ode to Adversity . . . . . *Idem* . . 229
The Triumphs of Owen . . . . *Idem* . . 232
The Bard . . . . . *Idem* . . 234

The Progress of Poesy . . . . . *Gray* . . 242
Ode on Lyric Poetry . . . . . *Akenside* . 248
Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon . . *Idem* . . 254
Ode in imitation of Alcæus . . . *Sir W. Jones* 265
Ode on the Institution of the Order of the Garter . . . . . *G. West* . 267

ERRATA.

Page 43, last line, for ne'er *read* e'er.

118, line 6, for hightest *read* highest.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

[COLLINS.]

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness rul'd the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry close;
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gem'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-ey'd Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain,

They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,

Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

[POPE.]

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echos rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies:
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds:
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life!
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair:

Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard, and how glorious!
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now nd more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

ALEXANDER's FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC:

AN ODE,

In honour of St. Cecilia's Day.

[DRYDEN.]

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft, in awful state,
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the God:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face:
Now, give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain:
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood:

Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures:
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.—
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.
Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise;
See the snakes, that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
The princes applaud, with a furious joy,
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

AN ODE OF PETRARCH,

To the Fountain of Valchiusa.

[SIR W. JONES.]

Ye clear and sparkling streams!
(Warm'd by the sunny beams,)
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade;
Sweet herbs! and blushing flowers!
That crown yon vernal bowers,
For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;
And ye, that heard my sighs
When first she charm'd my eyes,
Soft-breathing gales! my dying accents hear.
If heaven has fix'd my doom,
That Love must quite consume
My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
Ah! grant this slight request,—
That, here, my urn may rest,
When to its mansion flies my vital breath.

This pleasing hope will smooth
My anxious mind, and sooth
The pangs of that inevitable hour:
My spirit will not grieve
Her mortal veil to leave
In these calm shades, and this enchanting bow'r.
Haply the guilty maid
Through yon accustom'd glade
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way;
Where first her beauty's light
O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,
When Love on this fair border bade me stray:
There, sorrowing, shall she see,
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true, but hapless lover's lowly bier;
Too late, her tender sighs
Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.
O! well-remember'd day,
When on yon bank she lay,
Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
The young and blooming flowers,
Falling in fragrant showers,
Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd:
Some on her mantle hung,
Some in her locks were strung,

Like great gems in rings of gleaming gold;
Some, in a spicy cloud
Descending, call'd aloud,
'Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold.'
I view'd the heavenly maid:
And, rapt in wonder, said,
'The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;'
Her look, her voice, her smile,
That might all heaven beguile,
Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:
The star-bespangled skies
Were open'd to my eyes;
Sighing I said, 'Whence rose this glittering scene?'
Since that auspicious hour,
This bank, and odorous bower,
My morning couch, and evening haunt, have been.
Well mayst thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;
But, were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that heaven might stoop to hear.

LAURA;

AN

ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.

[IBID.]

In this fair season, when the whispering gales
Drop showers of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
From bow'r to bow'r the vernal warblers play;
The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;
The nightingale in many a melting strain
Sings to the groves, 'Here Mirth and Beauty reign.'
But me, for ever bath'd in gushing tears,
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers:
The birds that warble, and the flowers that bloom,
Relieve no more this solitary gloom.
I see where late the verdant meadow smil'd,
A joyless desert, and a dreary wild:
For those dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart before,
Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more:
Lost are those tresses that outshone the morn,
And pale those cheeks that might the skies adorn.

Ah, death! thy hand has crop'd the fairest flower,
That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bower;
Thy dart has lay'd on yonder sable bier
All my soul lov'd, and all the world held dear:
Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd truth.

Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens bestow
A drop of pleasure for a sea of wo!
Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd,
Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd!
How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light:
But soon the gathering clouds o'ershade the skies,
Red lightnings play, and thundering storms arise!
How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years!

Not far remov'd, yet hid from distant eyes,
Low in her secret grot, a Naiad lies.
Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem, and native throne:
There, in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
Yet, when the waking flowers of April blow,
And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd snow;

Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains;
Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies;
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar;
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam;
From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride;
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains;
And crown the labour of the joyful swains.

First, on these banks, (ah, dream of short delight!)
The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight;
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That heaven might envy, and mankind adore.
I saw—and O! what heart could long rebel?
I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewell.
Where'er she moved, the meads were fresh and gay,
And every bower exhaled the sweets of May;
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the gale;
The rising flowers impurpled every dale;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene:

But when in death's cold arms entranc'd she lay,
(Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day!*)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead;
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew;
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

Go, plaintive breeze! to Laura's flowery bier,
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear.
There to the awful shade due homage pay,
And softly thus address the sacred clay:
'Say, envied earth! that dost those charms infold,
'Where are those cheeks, and where those locks of gold?
'Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung?
'Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue?
'Ye radiant tresses! and thou, nectar'd smile!
'Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile!
'You robb'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep;
'You taught me how to love, and how to weep.'

No shrub o'erhangs the dew-bespangled vale,
No blossom trembles to the dying gale,

* Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the sixth of April in the year 1327; and she died on the same day in 1348.

No floweret blushes in the morning rays,
No stream along the winding valley plays,
But knows what anguish thrills my tortur'd breast,
What pains consume me, and what cares infest.
At blush of dawn, and in the gloom of night,
Her pale-eyed phantom swims before my sight,
Sits on the border of each purling rill,
Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill.
Flows the loud rivulet down the mountain's brow?
Or pants the Zephyr on the waving bough?
Or sips the labouring bee her balmy dews,
And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues?
Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn
The wakeful bird, that hails the rising morn?
—My Laura's voice, in many a soothing note,
Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float:

'Why fill thy sighs,' she says, 'this lonely bower?
'Why down thy bosom flows this endless shower?
'Complain no more: but hope ere long to meet
'Thy much-lov'd Laura in a happier seat.
'Here, fairer scenes detain my parted shade;
'Suns that ne'er set, and flowers that never fade:
'Through crystal skies I wing my joyous flight,
'And revel in eternal blaze of light;

'See all thy wanderings in that vale of tears,
'And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears:
'Death wak'd my soul, that slept in life before,
'And op'd these brighten'd eyes, to sleep no more.'

She ends: the Fates, that will no more reveal,
Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.
'Return, sweet shade!' I wake, and fondly say,
'O, cheer my gloom with one far-beaming ray!
'Return: thy charms my sorrow will dispel,
'And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell;
'Then, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,
'And bound enraptur'd through her native sky.'
She comes no more: my pangs more fierce return;
Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.
Ye banks, that oft my weary limbs have borne,
Ye murmuring brooks, that learnt of me to mourn;
Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay;
Ye groves, where Love once taught my steps to stray;
You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew
Your strains melodious, and your blooming hue:
But not in my sad heart can bliss remain,
My heart, the haunt of never-ceasing pain!

Henceforth,—to sing in smoothly-warbled lays
The smiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly rays;

To see the morn her early charms unfold,
Her cheeks of roses, and her curls of gold;
Led by the sacred Muse, at noon to rove
O'er tufted mountain, vale, or shady grove;
To watch the stars, that gild the lucid pole,
And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;
To hear the tender nightingale complain,
And warble to the woods her amorous strain:—
No more shall these my pensive soul delight,
But each gay vision melts in endless night.

Nymphs! who in glimmering glades by moonlight dance,
And ye, who through the liquid crystal glance,
Who oft have heard my sadly-pleasing moan;
Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.
Ah! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies;
Clouds! fold me round; and, gather'd darkness! rise!
Bear me, ye gales! in death's soft slumber lay'd;
And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting shade.

A TURKISH ODE OF MESIHI.

[IBID.]

HEAR! how the nightingales, on every spray,
Hail, in wild notes, the sweet return of May!
—The gale that o'er yon waving almond blows,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows;
The smiling season decks each flowery glade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air!
Hills, dales, and woods, their loveliest mantles wear.
Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May?
Ev'n death, perhaps, our vallies will invade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!
Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade?
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
Attend ye nymphs! a poet's words are sage;
While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The fresh-blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dew-drops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are seen and past;
And nature says, 'They art too sweet to last.'
So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

See! yon anemonies their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming and with living gold.
—While crystal showers from weeping clouds descend,
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend:
Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's laid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head:
The shrubs revive in vallies, meads, and bowers,
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers;
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Clear drops, each morn, impearl the rose's bloom,
And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume;
The dewy buds expand their lucid store:
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no more.
Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The dew-drops sprinkled, by the musky gale,
Are chang'd to essence ere they reach the dale.
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade:
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Late, gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
Soft, in his reign, the notes of love resound,
And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train.
Come, charming maid! and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of spring:
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

A MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. LYTTELTON.

1747.

[LORD LYTTELTON.*]

I.

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other wo,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

* His Lordship, it may be observed, had not attained the dignity of a peerage till some years after this monody was written.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'er-shadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heav'nly voice,
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the Spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song;
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell,
For death has stop'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she prefer'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shun'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales
And flow'r-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly;
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,

And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal, and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched Father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with wo,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly, and from vice, their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,

From these fond arms that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your fav'ring pow'r, Aonian maids,
Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her date,
For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store,
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus' or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's bank
Beset with osiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where through hanging woods
Steep Anio pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles, or Ilissus stray.
Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome?
And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praise
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright-sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The pow'rs of reason, and of fancy join'd,
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'Tis your's from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb:

But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the soft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want, and every woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!

Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind:
A spirit that with nobler pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile, or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or interest or ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone, nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.

Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows:
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bow'rs,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flow'rs,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;

Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd, and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend,
Your kind assistance lend
To bear the weight of this oppressive wo.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,

Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each fav'rite author we together read
My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain;
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which e'en wanton Vice with Envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,
Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will, and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
  And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure, exalted soul
  Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
  In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
    Is every mortal bliss;
  E'en love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
    Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
    It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.
  Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
  And seek those regions of serene delight,
  Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
  No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
  There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his pow'r ne'er to divide you more.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

[SHENSTONE.]

To the Duchess of Somerset.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the muse inspire!
Oh! peace to yonder clam'rous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes, that o'er the mossy down,
Some panting, timorous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
And urg'd by rude constraint resound the jovial cry?

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;

He sees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
That nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown:
Yours be the produce of the soil;
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants, ask support in vain!

But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
But tho', the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the Spring her flowery robe resume;
Unmov'd the mountains airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural conscious muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day,
Exclude the taste of every swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight;
She, where she pleases kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:

For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wandering sight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what suspicious fearful care
The sordid wretch secures his claim,
If haply some luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What scruples lest some future birth
Should litigate a span of earth!
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,
The towering muse endures not to disclose;
Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehensive and more free,
Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the solemn day enroll'd,
When to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the sea:
Each laughing muse derides the vow;
Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle shores in dow'r.

His breast to admiration prone
Enjoys the smile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant every grace,
And finds her more his own,

Fatigued with form's oppressive laws,
When Somerset avoids the great;
When cloy'd with merited applause,
She seeks the rural calm retreat;
Does she not praise each mossy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could she not more delighted hear
Yon throstle chaunt the rising year?
Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primrose of the plains?
Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
Lost to the sons of pow'r, unknown to half mankind?

Ah can she covet there to see
The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That slight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,

To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philosophic step retires:
While studious of the moral theme,
She, to some smooth sequester'd stream
Likens the swain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flowery margin to survey,
How cool, serene, and clear the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who slight the sweetly-pensive mind!
On whose fair birth the graces mild,
And every muse prophetic smil'd.
Not that the poet's boasted fire
Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell;
Or, on the music of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove
All nature's charms immense, and heaven's unbounded love.

And oh! the transport, most allied to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from nature's tongue,

And bid Arcadia bloom around:
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smooth below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or thro' meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
Or let some shelter'd lake serene
Reflect flow'rs, woods, and spires, and brighten all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy!
While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,
And every gentle breast partakes the joy!
While charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to cheer
A train of helpless infants dear,
Speed whistling home across the plain;
See vagrant luxury, her hand-maid grown,
For half her graceless deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.
Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?

Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,

Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?
For sustenance alone? For use?
For preservation? Every sphere
Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.
And sure there seem, of human kind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To sooth the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.
From plains and woodlands; from the view
Of rural nature's blooming face,
Smit with the glare of rank and place,
To courts the sons of fancy flew;
There long had art ordain'd a rival seat,
There had she lavish'd all her care
To form a scene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat
To share her proud controul;

Had given the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;
And, emulous of nature's pow'r,
Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each rustic limb anew,
And warp'd the very soul.

Awhile her magic strikes the novel eye,
Awhile the fairy forms delight;
And now aloof we seem to fly
On purple pinions thro' a purer sky,
Where all is wonderous, all is bright:
Now landed on some spangled shore
Awhile each dazzled maniac roves
By sapphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves.
Paternal acres please no more;
Adieu the simple, the sincere delight—
Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.
But soon the pageant fades away!
'Tis nature only bears perpetual sway.

We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigued with splendour's irksome beams.
Fancy again demands the sight
Of native groves, and wonted streams,
Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where truth maintains her court, and banishes disguise.

Then hither oft, ye senators, retire,
With nature here high converse hold;
For who like STAMFORD her delights admire,
Like STAMFORD shall with scorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,
Shall see fair truth, immortal maid,
Friendship in artless guise array'd,
Honour, and moral beauty shine
With more attractive charms, with radiance more divine.

Yes, here alone did highest heav'n ordain
The lasting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,

'Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs,
Or shrubs fuliginously grim;
From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far distant grove,
Where smit with undissembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and sooth some vapour'd fair?

But how must faithless art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
Example for its giddy bands;
From these impartial heav'n demands
To spread the flame itself inspires,
To sift opinion's mingled mass,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,

With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grot, or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,
They only that deserve, enjoy.

What tho' nor fabled dryad haunt their grove,
Nor naiad near their fountains rove,
Yet all embody'd to the mental sight,
A train of smiling virtues bright
Shall there the wise retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's brow.

And though by faithless friends alarm'd,
Art have with nature waged presumptuous war;
By SEYMOUR'S winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united shine,
No longer shall their counsels jar.

'Tis hers to meditate the peace;
Near PERCY-lodge, with awe-struck mien,
The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
And havock and contention cease.
I see the rival pow'rs combine,
And aid each other's fair design;

Nature exalt the mound where art shall build;
Art shape the gay alcove, while nature paints the field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
O warble forth your noblest lay;
Where SOMERSET vouchsafes to rove,
Ye leverets, freely sport and play.
—Peace to the strepent horn!
Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,
No sounds inelegant and rude
Her sacred solitudes profane,
Unless her candour can exclude
The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
Fearful, yet not averse, that SOMERSET should hear.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

[ANSTEY.]

YE beauteous nymphs, and jovial swains,
Who deck'd with youthful bloom,
In gay assemblage meet to grace
Philander's cheerful dome:

Mark how the wintry clouds hang o'er
Yon frowning mountain's brow!
Mark how the rude winds warp the stream,
And rock the leafless bough!

The painted meads and flow'ry lawns
Their wonted pride give o'er;
The feather'd flocks in silence mourn,
Their notes are heard no more,

Save where beneath the lonely shed,
Or desolated thorn,
The red-breast heaves his ruffled plumes,
And tunes his pipe forlorn:

Yet shall the sun's reviving ray
Recall the genial spring:
The painted meads resume their pride,
The feather'd flocks shall sing;

But not to you shall e'er return
The pride of gaudy years:
When pining Age, with icy hand,
His hoary mantle rears:

When once, alas! his churlish blast
Shall your bright spring subdue,

I know not what reviving sun
Can e'er that spring renew:

Then seize the glorious golden days,
That fill your cups with joy,
Bid every gay and social scene
Your blissful hours employ:

Oft where the crowded stage invites,
The laughing Muses join;
Or woo them while they sport around
Eugenio's laurel'd shrine:

Oft seek the haunts where Health and Joy
To sportive numbers move;
Or plaintive strains breathe soft desire,
And wake the soul to love:

Yet ah! where'er you bend your way,
Let fair Discretion steer
From Folly's vain delusive charms,
And Passion's wild career.

So when the wintry hours shall come,
When youth and pleasure fly,
Safe shall you ward th' impending storm,
And Time's rude blast defy;

Perpetual charms, unfading Spring,
In sweet reflection find;
While Innocence and Virtue bring
A sunshine o'er the mind.

THE MAN OF SORROW.

[GREVILLE.]

Ah! what avails the lengthening mead,
By nature's kindest bounty spread
Along the vale of flowers!
Ah! what avails the dark ning grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me (alas!) the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
Nor night her comfort brings:
I have no pleasure in the rose:
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela sings.

See, how the sturdy peasants stride,
Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
In cheerful ignorance blest!
Alike to them the rose or thorn,
Alike arises every morn,
By gay contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
Her choice divinely free,
She visits oft the hamlet-cot,
When want and sorrow are the lot
Of Avarice and me.

But see—or is it Fancy's dream?
Methought a bright celestial gleam
Shot sudden thro' the groves.
Behold, behold, in loose array,
Euphrosyne more bright than day,
More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, O! welcome, Pleasure's queen!
And see, along the velvet green,
The jocund train advance:
With scatter'd flowers they fill the air,
The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry heaven,
When to the feeling wretch is given
A soul alive to joy!
Joys fly with every hour away,
And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
To cares, that peace destroy,

And see, with visionary haste,
(Too soon the gay delusion past)
Reality remains!
Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
And Horror drives without controul,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng,
What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong
To the distemper'd soul?
I see the lawn of hideous dye,
The towering elm nods misery,
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
Ye were for misery made—
'Twas thus the man of sorrow spoke,
His wayward step then pensive took
Along th' unhallow'd shade.

A PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

[MRS. GREVILLE.]

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary;
For once I'll try my wish to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
That lurk'st in woods unseen,
And oft, by Cynthia's silver light,
Trip'st gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient stories tell;
And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
Thou sought'st a wond'rous spell;

Oh! deign once more t' exert thy power!
Haply some herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of western flow'r,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart those gifts remove,
That sigh for peace and ease.

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or wo,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree;
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound;
Beyond, is agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart,
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

Oh! haste to shed the sacred balm,
My shatter'd nerves new-string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
Thy nymph, Indifference, bring.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly;

And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the purpos'd joy.

The tears which Pity taught to flow,
My eyes shall then disown;
The heart that throb'd at others' wo,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of sweet repose.

O fairy elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send;
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flow'ry paths attend.

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heaven's ambrosial dew,
From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be;
Content but half to please.

THE FAIRY'S ANSWER,

TO MRS. GREVILLE.

[COUNTESS OF C——.]

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend,
These hasty lines I'm bid to send,
Or give, if I am able;
I dare not hesitate to say,
Tho' I have trembled all the day—
It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme,
And should it strike you as a dream,
Yet soon its high import
Must make you own the matter such,
So delicate, it were too much
To be compos'd in sport.

The moon did shine serenely bright,
And every star did deck the night,
While Zephyr fan'd the trees,
No more assail'd my mind's repose,
Save, that yon stream, which murmuring flow
Did echo to the breeze.

Enwrapt in solemn thoughts, I sate,
Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
Yet void of hope or fear;
When lo! behold an aëry throng,
With lightest steps, and jocund song,
Surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form, superior to the rest,
His little voice to me address,
And gently thus began,
'I've heard strange things from one of you,
'Pray tell me if you think 'tis true,
'Explain it if you can.

'Such incense has perfum'd my throne!
'Such eloquence my heart has won!
'I think I guess the hand;
'I know her wit and beauty too,
'But why she sends a prayer so new,
'I cannot understand.

'To light some flames, and some revive,
'To keep some others just alive.
'Full oft I am implor'd;
'But, with peculiar power to please,
'To supplicate for nought but ease—
'Tis odd, upon my word!

'Tell her, with fruitless care I've sought,
'And tho' my realms, with wonder fraught,
In remedies abound,
'No grain of cold Indifference
'Was ever yet allied to Sense,
'In all my fairy round.

'The regions of the sky I'd trace,
'I'd ransack every earthly place,
'Each leaf, each herb, each flower,
'To mitigate the pangs of Fear,
'Dispel the clouds of black Despair,
'Or lull the restless hour.

'I would be generous as I'm just,
'But I obey, as others must,
'Those laws which fate has made.
'My tiny kingdom how defend,
'And what might be the horrid end
'Should man my state invade?

'Twould put your mind into a rage,
And such unequal war to wage
Suits not my regal duty!
I dare not change a first decree,
She's doom'd to please, nor can be free,
Such is the lot of Beauty!'

This said, he darted o'er the plain,
And after follow'd all his train;
No glimpse of him I find;
But sure I am, the little spright
These words, before he took his flight,
Imprinted on my mind.

AN EVENING ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

[SHAW.]

Sweet Bird! that kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of Wo,

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—
For surely thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?
Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?
Alas, for BOTH I weep—

In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
A lovely babe, that should have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doting eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By every art that Science could devise,
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies—
Then, Oh! our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why alas! to thee complain?
To thee—unconscious of my pain!
Soon shalt THOU cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy l
But, oh! for me in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
Deploring still the COMFORT OF MY SOUL,
I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
'That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
Soften the horrors of despair,
And cheer a heart long lost to joy!'
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,

And burn with all a father's fond alarms!
And O what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd,
How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
Nor my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter more.—

'Just Heaven!' I cried, with recent hopes elate,
'Yet I will live—will live, though Emma's dead—
So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,
Yet will I raise my wo-dejected head!
My little Emma, now my ALL,
Will want a father's care,
Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,
And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear:
And oft together we'll complain,
Complaint the only bliss my soul can know,
From me, my child shall learn the mournful strain,
And prattle tales of wo;
And O in that auspicious hour,
When Fate resigns her persecuting pow'r,
With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,
When death gives misery repose,
And opes a glorious passage to the skies.'

Vain thought! it must not be—She too is dead—
The flattering scene is o'er—
My hopes for ever—ever fled—
And vengeance can no more—
Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease—
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,
With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe)
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up every tear:
Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
But ah! from my affections far remov'd!
The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre,
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet—while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd str
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past;
For O how grateful to a wounded heart,
The tale of misery to impart!

From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of wo!
Even he, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

ELEGY TO PITY.

[R———.]

Hail, lovely power! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When fancy paints the scene of deep distress,
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare;
Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph, and range the mead with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks, thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in Friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the generous, feeling heart.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,
To Misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So, when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

RECOLLECTIONS IN ADVERSITY.

[J. M.]

SWEET was my father's kiss to me
When nightly I was sent to rest;
How joyful then I climb'd his knee,
And bent my head to have it blest.

And when the blushing morning came,
Refresh'd from balmy sleep I rose,
O how I lov'd to lisp his name,
And near his chair my station chose!

Then oft I felt my infant heart
Oppress'd with boding fears and care,
Lest others lov'd should steal a part
Of fondness I could never spare.

The fairing gay was still for me,
And many a treasur'd cake I found,
His gifted doll I drest with glee,
With spangled silk and ribbands bound.

My task perform'd—my lesson learn'd,
Recounting how I spent the day,
The promis'd penny duly earn'd,
Light-hearted then I danc'd away.

My seat was by him in the bower,
That open'd to the landscape wide,
Where oft he pluck'd the blooming flower,
And on my brow the emblem tied.

An arm to me was welcome still,
Whene'er we health or pleasure sought:
And as we trac'd the mead or hill,
I mark'd his magic turn of thought.

He bade the strains my soul inspire
That charm'd him from th' immortal page;
And kindling with the Muse's fire,
He felt the bard's delirious rage.

My morn of life unclouded rose;
Kind parents strew'd my path with flowers;
Soft pleasures charm'd me to repose,
And careful watch'd my waking hours.—

But ah! my noon is overcast—
To me hath dire misfortune come,

I shrink before the chilling blast—
I wander now, without a home.

Yet, oh! forgive him powers above!
Who led me to the fatal snare,
Who made me slight a father's love,
And lightly prize a mother's care.

But cold in dust my parents sleep,
My piercing woes they cannot see—
Oh! that these burning eyes could weep
For those who wept so oft for me.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

[POPE.]

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!

See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! these were they, whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!

What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;

Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

Sung by GUIDERUS *and* ARVIRAGUS *over* FIDELE, *supposed to be dead.*

[COLLINS.]

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid. *

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more:
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

* The following Stanza, by Gray, and inserted in the early editions, only, of his Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, coincides so happily with the imagery contained in these beautiful lines of Collins, that we cannot forego the pleasure of inserting it here. The place it originally held in the Elegy, was immediately preceding the Epitaph, but being too long a parenthesis, it was afterwards excluded.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

ODE TO PITY.

[IBID.]

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic wo:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shewn;
And, while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes, unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come; by Fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

ODE TO EVENING.

[IBID.]

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;
O Nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:
Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,
Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!
For when thy folding-star arising shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew; and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.
Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.
Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.
While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;
While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;
So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

[IBID.]

O THOU, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song!

Thou, who, with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;
But com'st a decent maid,
In attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store,
On Hybla's thymy shore;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
By her whose love-lorn wo,
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd, sweetly sad, Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings, round thy green retreat;
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureat band:
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne;
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The Passions own thy power;
Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine;
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye;
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

[IBID.]

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest?
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

ODE TO MERCY.

[IBID.]

STROPHE.

O THOU, who sit'st, a smiling bride,
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd;
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hids't in wreaths of flow'rs his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,

Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him, the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stop'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shewn,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

ODE TO FEAR.

[IBID.]

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shewn;
Who seest, appall'd, th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
  Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
  I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step; thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start; like thee disorder'd fly.
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;

While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait:
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse addrest her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, th' incestuous queen
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart:
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful li
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine!

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or, in some hollow'd seat
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests brougl
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted tho
Be mine, to read the visions old
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve, abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave;
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou whose spirit most possest
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!

By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke,
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

IL BELLICOSO.

[MASON.]

HENCE, dull lethargic Peace,
Born in some hoary Beadsman's cell obscure;
Or in Circæan bower,
Where manhood dies, and Reason's vigils cease;
Hie to congenial climes,
Where some seraglio's downy tyrant reigns;
Or where Italian swains,
Midst wavy shades, and myrtle-blooming bowers,
Lull their ambrosial hours,
And deck with languid trills their tinkling rhymes.
But rouse, thou God by Furies drest,
In helm with Terror's plumed crest,

In adamantine steel bedight,
Glistening formidably bright,
With step unfix'd and aspect wild;
Jealous Juno's raging child,
Who thee conceiv'd in Flora's bower,
By touch of rare Olenian flower:
Oft the goddess sigh'd in vain,
Envying Jove's prolific brain,
And oft she stray'd Olympus round,
Till this specific help she found;
Then fruitful grown, she quits the skies,
To Thracia's sanguine plain she hies,
There teems thee forth, of nervous mould,
Haughty, furious, swift and bold,
Names thee Mars, and bids thee call
The world from Pleasure's flowery thrall.
Come then, Genius of the war,
Roll me in thy iron car;
And while thy coursers pierce the sky,
Breathing fury as they fly,
Let Courage hurry swift before,
All stain'd around with purple gore,
And Victory follow close behind,
With wreath of palm and laurel join'd,
While high above, fair Fame assumes
Her place, and waves her eagle plumes.

Then let the trumpet swell the note,
Roaring rough thro' brazen throat;
Let the drum sonorous beat,
With thick vibrations hoarsely sweet;
Boxen hautboys too be found,
Nor be miss'd the fife's shrill sound;
Nor yet the bagpipe's swelling strain,
Solace sweet to Highland swain,
Whether on some mountain's brow,
Now squeaking high, now droning low,
He plays deft lilts to Scottish lass,
Tripping it o'er the pliant grass,
Or whether in the battle's fray,
He lively pipes a bolder lay;
The bolder lay (such magic reigns
In all its moving Phrygian strains)
Disperses swift to all the train,
Fury stern, and pale Disdain,
Strikes every fire from every mind,
Nor leaves one latent spark behind.
Bear me now to tented ground,
Where gaudy streamers wave around,
Where Britain's ensigns high display'd,
Lend the earth a scarlet shade;
And pikes, and spears, and lances gay,
Glitter in the solar ray;

Here I'll join the hardy crowd,
As they sport in gamesome mood,
Wrestling on the circled ground,
Wreathing limbs with limbs around,
Or as they pitch the massy bar,
Or teach the disk to whizz in air;
And when night returns, regale
With chat full blunt, and chirping ale;
While some voice of manly base
Sings my darling chevy-chase;
How the child that's yet unborn
May rue earl Percy's hound and horn;
How Witherington in doleful dumps,
Fought right valiant on his stumps;
And many a knight and squire full gay
At morn, at night were clad in clay;
While first and last we join and sing,
"God prosper long our noble king!"
And when midnight spreads around
Her sable vestments on the ground,
Hence I'll, for a studious seat,
To some strong citadel retreat,
By ditch and rampart high ypent,
And battery strong and battlement!
There, in some state-room richly dight
With maily coats and falchions bright,

Emblazon'd shields of quaint impress,
And a whole army's glittering dress,
While the taper burneth blue,
(As Brutus erst was wont to do)
Let me turn the ample page
Of some grave historic sage;
Or in Homer's sacred song,
Mix the Grecian bards among;
Nestor wise with silver'd head,
And Ajax stern, and Diomed,
And many more, whose wonderous might
Could equal e'en the gods in fight;
Or list to Virgil's epic lyre,
Or lofty Lucan wrap'd in fire;
But rather far let Shakspeare's Muse
Her genuine British fires diffuse;
And briskly with her magic strain
Hurry me to Gallic plain,
Just when each patriot Talbot bleeds,
Or when heaven-prosper'd Harry leads
His troops with seven-fold courage steel'd,
To Agincourt's immortal field.
But when th' embattled troops advance,
O Mars, my every thought entrance!
Guide me, thundering martial god,
Guide thro' Glory's arduous road!

While hailing bullets round me fly,
And human thunders shake the sky,
While crowds of heroes heap the ground,
And dying groans are heard around,
With armour clanking, clarions sounding,
Cannons bellowing, shouts rebounding;
Guide me, thundering, martial god,
Guide thro' Glory's arduous road!
But should on land thy triumphs cease,
Still lead me far from hated Peace;
Me bear, dread Power, for warlike sport,
To some wave-encircled fort;
Or (if it yield more open sight)
To some hoar promontory's height,
Whose high-arch'd brow o'erlooks the scene,
Where Tritons blue and Naiads green,
Sportive from their coral cave,
Through the fluid crystal lave;
There eagerly I ken from far
All the waste of naval War,
And catch a sympathetic rage,
While the numerous fleets engage,
And every distant shore rebounds
To the cannons' rattling sounds,
And the sulphurous fire-ship rends,
And thousand fates around her sends,

And limbs dissever'd hurl'd on high,
Smoke amid th' affrighted sky.
Then let black clouds above my head,
With gleams of scarlet thick bespread,
With lightning's flash and thunder's growl,
Suit the spleen that shades my soul.
There too let cranes, a numerous flight,
With beaks and claws rage bloody fight,
And airy knights from every cloud
Prick forth, their armour rattling loud;
With blazing swords, and comets drear,
Dragging a trail of flaming hair;
Such as diffus'd their baneful gleam
Over besieg'd Jerusalem,
Or hung o'er Rome ere Julius fell,
And if old sages rightly spell,
Were ever deemed to foreshew
Changes in our realms below.

And when at length cold creeping Age
Freezes the torrent of my rage,
Let me live amongst a crew
Of invalids, of kindred hue!
Of some main limb bereft by War,
Or blest with some deep glorious scar;
Scar, that endless glory draws
From Liberty and Albion's cause:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

IL PACIFICO.

[IBID.]

HENCE, pestilential Mars,
Of sable-vested night and chaos bred,
On matter's formless bed,
'Mid the harsh din of elemental jars:
Hence with thy frantic crowd,
Wing'd Flight, pale Terror, Discord clothed in fire,
Precipitate retire;
While mad Bellona cracks her snaky thong,
And hurries headlong on,
To Ach'ron's brink, and Phlegethon's flaming flood.
But hail, fair Peace! so mild and meek,
With polish'd brow and rosy cheek;
That, on thy fleece-white cloud descending,
Hither, soft-ey'd queen, art tending
Gently o'er thy favourite land
To wave thy genial myrtle wand;
To shake from off thy turtle wing
Th' ambrosial dews of endless spring;
Spring, like that, which poets feign,
Gilded Saturn's easy reign:
For Saturn's first born daughter thou;
Unless, as later bards avow,

The youthful god with spangled hair
Closely clasp'd Harmonia fair:
For, banish'd erst heaven's star-paved floor,
(As sings my legendary lore)
As Phœbus sat by weeping brook,
With shepherd's scrip and shepherd's crook,
Pensive 'midst a savage train,
(For savage then was all the plain)
Fair Harmonia left her bower,
To join her radiant paramour:
Hence didst thou spring; and at thy birth
Lenient Zephyrs fan'd the earth,
Rumbling thunders growl'd no more,
Prowling wolves forgot to roar,
And man, from fiercer rage possest,
Smil'd dissension from his breast.
She comes, she comes, ye nymphs, prepare
Gay floral wreaths to bind your hair;
Ye swains, inspire the mellow flute
To dulcet strains, which aptly suit
The featly-footed saraband
Of Phillis trim and Marian bland,
When nimbly light each simpering lass
Trips it o'er the pliant grass.
But see, her social smiling train,
Now invests th' enraptur'd plain!
Plenty's treasure-teeming horn
Show'rs its fruits, its flowers, its corn;

Commerce spreads his amplest sail;
Strong-nerv'd Labour lifts his flail;
Sylvanus too attends (tis he
That bears the root-pluck'd cypress tree)
He shall my youngling footsteps lead
Thro' tufted lawn and fringed mead,
By scooped valley, heaped hill,
Level river, dancing rill,
Where the shepherds all appear,
To shear and wash their fleecy care,
Which bleating stand the streams around,
And whiten all the close-cropt ground:
Or when the maids in bonnets sheen,
Cock the hay upon the green;
Or up yon steep rough road the swains
Drive slow along their rolling wains
Where laughing Ceres crowns the stack,
And makes the ponderous axle crack,
Then to the village on the hill,
The barn's capacious jaws to fill,
Where the answering flails rebound,
Beating bold with thundering sound.
Enchanted with this rural scene,
Here let me weave my arb'rets green;
Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat,
O'er my noon-tide cool retreat;

Or bind the oak with ivy-twine;
Or wed the elm and purpling vine.
But if my vagrant fancy pants
For charms which simple nature wants,
Grant, Power benign, admittance free
To some rang'd academy:
There to give to arts refin'd
All the impulse of my mind;
And oft observant take my stand,
Where the painter's magic hand
From sketches rude, with gradual art,
Calls dawning life to every part,
Till, with nice tints all labour'd high,
Each starting hero meets the eye:
Oft too, O! let me nice inspect
The draughts of justest architect:
And hence delighted let me pass,
Where others mould the ductile brass;
Or teach the Parian stone to wear
A letter'd sage's musing air.
But ah! these arts have fix'd their home
In Roman or in Gallic dome:
Tho' strange beseems, that arts should spread
Where frowns black Slavery's baleful shade;
And stranger far that arts decay
Where Freedom deals her warmest ray.

This then deny'd, I'll swift retreat,
Where Camus winds with murmur sweet:
There teach me, piercing Locke, t' explore
The busy mind's ideal store;
There, heav'n-rapt Newton, guide my way
'Mid rolling worlds, thro' floods of day,
To mark the vagrant comet's road,
And thro' his wonders trace the God.
Then, to unbend my mind, I'll roam
Amidst the cloisters' silent gloom:
Or, where rank'd oaks their shades diffuse,
Hold dalliance with my darling muse,
Recalling oft some heav'n-born strain,
That warbled in Augustan reign:
Or turn well pleas'd the Grecian page,
If sweet Theocritus engage,
Or blithe Anacreon, mirthful wight,
Caroll his easy love-lay light.
Yet let not all my pleasure lie,
Confin'd to one Phœbeian joy;
But ever give my fingers wings,
Lightly to skim the trembling strings,
And from some bower to tune the lay,
While list'ning birds crowd every spray,
Or hovering silent o'er my head,
Their quivering wings exulting spread;

Save but the turtles, they alone
With tender plaintive faithful moan,
Shall tell to all the secret grove,
Their soft thick-warbled tale of love:
Sweet birds! your mingling bliss pursuing,
Ever billing, ever cooing,
Ye! constant pair! I love to note
Your hoarse strain gurgling in your throat;
And ye, unheard from sidelong hills,
The liquid lapse of whispering rills,
I list to hear: such sounds diffuse
Sweet transports to the thoughtful muse.
Thus summer sees me brisk and light,
Till winter spreads her 'kerchief white;
Then to the city's social walls
Where tolling clock to business calls.
There the weaver's shuttle speeds
Nimbly thro' the fine-spun threads;
There the vocal anvil rings,
While the smith his hammer swings;
And every man and every boy,
Briskly join in warm employ,
Thro' such throng'd scenes full oft I'll range,
Oft crowd into the rich exchange:
Or to yon wharf aside the moat,
Where the anchor'd ships do float,

And others hastening into bay,
Swell their sails in fair array;
Wafting to Albion's sons the store
That each Peruvian mine can pour;
Wafting to Albion's smiling dames
The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames,
Till all the Indies rush into the Thames.
Joys vast as these my fancy claims;
And joys like these if Peace inspire,
Peace, with thee I string the lyre.

L' ALLEGRO.

[MILTON.]

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born!
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne;
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing,)
The frolick wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;

And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
'Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;

While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smoaks,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;

Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tan'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sun-shine holyday,
'Till the live-long day-light fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat:
She was pincht and pull'd, she said;
And he by frier's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl, duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose brig hteyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspear, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,

With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head,
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

[IBID.]

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train,

But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that star'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore,
His daughter she, (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain:)
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them to the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye, round about Jove's altar, sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak:
Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon
Riding near her hightest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore
Swinging slow with sullen roar:
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth;
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine:
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,

On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
'Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounct as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,

Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that heaven doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
'Till old Experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

POLLIO;

AN ELEGIAC ODE.

[MICKLE.]

The peaceful evening breathes her balmy store,
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green,
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn Meditation let me stray;

This is the hour when to the wise and good
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently-waving boughs among:
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters, tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant from yon dell resound;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd tow'rs;
Dull thro' the roofs resounds the whistling gale,
Dark solitude among the pillars low'rs.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And solemn, shade a chapel's sad remains;
Where yon scath'd poplar through the windows waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken pray'r.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling torrents; still its tow'ry head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flow'rs creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;
Gone is the bow'r, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eyeing their rescued fields with proud delight!
Now lost to them! and, ah! how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring;

So shone the moon thro' these soft-nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flow'ry lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heav'n's own colours dyed:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd;

Him with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied:
The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.

O partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows;
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And sainted well have lost their cheering pow'rs:

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend! oh where,
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind?
My tend'rest wish, my heart to thee was bare;
Oh now cut off each passage to my mind!

How dreary is the gulph! how dark, how void
The trackless shores that never were repass'd!
Dread separation! on the depth untried,
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast!

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes:
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire?
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies?
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?

Far be the thought! The pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wintry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies:

Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand
With godlike strength beneath her native skies!

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side
With patience waits the rosy-opening day;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean toss'd,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more!

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now perhaps frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire!

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, O my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy!

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd;
And, led in vision, drank at Siloë's fount,
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd.

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains:
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose;
The flow'ry mountain sung, 'Messiah reigns!'

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene;
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walks retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And sooths me wandering o'er my kindred bones.

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All Nature smiling, and, by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies!

ODE TO WISDOM.

[MRS. CARTER.]

THE solitary bird of night
Thro' the thick shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tow'r,
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray:
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sports her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of every art
'That glads the sense, or mends the heart,'
Blest source of purer joys;
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprize;

At thy unspotted shrine I bow:
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires;
But, taught by thy unerring rules
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not fortune's gem, ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r;
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
Those envied glitt'ring toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refin'd:
For wealth, the smiles of glad content;
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er the mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite;
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest,
Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
And felt its just controul:
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife:
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
Of still domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray
To regulate my doubtful way,
Thro' life's perplexing road;
The mists of error to controul;
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of Folly's painted show:
She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all but Virtue's solid joys
Is vanity and wo.

THE TRANQUIL EVENING.

[IBID.]

How sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,
Where ebbing waters musically roll;
And solitude, and silent eve restore
The philosophic temper of the soul!

The sighing gale, whose murmurs lull to rest
The busy tumult of declining day,
To sympathetic quiet sooths the breast,
And every wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care,
Your task be ended with the setting sun;

Let all be undisturb'd vacation here,
While o'er yon wave ascends the peaceful moon.

What beauteous visions o'er the soften'd heart,
In this still moment all their charms diffuse,
Serener joys and brighter hopes impart,
And cheer the soul with more than mortal views.

Here faithful Memory wakens all her powers,
She bids her fair ideal forms ascend;
And quick to ev'ry gladden'd thought restores
The social virtue, and the absent friend.

Come, *******, come, and with me share
The sober pleasures of this solemn scene,
While no rude tempest clouds the ruffled air,
But all, like thee, is smiling and serene.

Come, while the cool, the solitary hours
Each foolish care and giddy wish controul,
With all thy soft persuasion's wonted pow'rs,
Beyond the stars transport my listening soul.

Oft, when on earth detain'd by empty show,
Thy voice has taught the trifler how to rise;
Taught her to look with scorn on things below,
And seek her better portion in the skies.

Come, and the sacred eloquence repeat;
The world shall vanish at its gentle sound,
Angelic forms shall visit this retreat,
And opening Heav'n diffuse its glories round.

TO THE FEATHERED RACE.

[GRAVES.]

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon-tide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing the live-long day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,

Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
Secure the linnet sings,
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt,
Yon distant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear,
Domestic bird, to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees, for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve;
Oh, let me thus your friendship bribe,
Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made,
Our mutual interests guard;
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade—
Your songs be my reward.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

[ANON.]

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief—and Heav'n will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road.

For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome!
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be represt.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine—
The child of sorrow—and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief—and Heaven will bless your store.

ODE TO SPRING.

[MRS. BARBAULD.]

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child; delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crown'd;

From the green islands of eternal youth,
(Crown'd with fresh blooms, and ever-springing shade)
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can sooth the madding winds,
And thro' the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best belov'd! the virgin train await,
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untir'd feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him the favour'd youth
That prompts their whisper'd sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers,
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds which thro' the whisp'ring boughs

With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O Nymph approach! while yet the temperate sun
With bashful forehead, thro' the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses wooes

The earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short; the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flow'rets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
For O, not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and thro' the heart
Each joy and new born hope
With softest influence breathes.

ODE TO CONTENT.

[IBID.]

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in simplest vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.

There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild, unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet;
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale;
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid:
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice,
Low whispering through the shade.

ODE TO MORNING.

[ANON.]

The sprightly messenger of day
To Heaven ascending tunes the lay
That wakes the blushing morn:
Cheer'd with th' inspiring notes, I rise
And hail the power, whose glad supplies
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O Night! thy praise,
Majestic queen! in nobler lays
Already has been sung:
When thine own spheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, shall rise in fame,
Immortalized by Young.

See, while I speak, Aurora sheds
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The springing vallies smile;
With cheerful heart the village swain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets th' accustom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes to bless the year,
Wing'd Zephyrs wanton round his car,
Along th' ethereal road;
Plenty and Health attend his beams,
And Truth, divinely bright, proclaims
The visit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my soul reveres
The great first cause that bade the spheres
In tuneful order move;
Thine is the sable-mantled night,
Unseen Almighty! and the light
The radiance of thy love.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
And echo spreads the strain;
The streams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks salute the sun,
And music glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms displays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze
The opening flowers diffuse;
Temp'rance and Innocence attend,
These are your haunts, your influence lend,
Associates of the Muse!

Riot, and Guilt, and wasting Care,
And fell Revenge, and black Despair,
Avoid the Morning's light;
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose,
Their restless passions to compose,
Who Virtue's dictates slight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood
The goddess walks confest:
She gives the landscape power to charm,
The sun his genial heat to warm
The wise and generous breast.

Happy the man! whose tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole surveys;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,
The sounding trumpet lash the main,
And Heav'n's own thunders roll;
Calmly he views the bursting storm,
Tempests nor thunder can deform
The morning of his soul.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

[GRAINGER.]

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey;
You, Recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.

Plum'd Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated empiric, puff'd Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face,
(Ignorant of time and place)

Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-ey'd Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins steep'd in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection bent with years,
Conscious Virtue void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclin'd,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-ey'd Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You with the tragic Muse retir'd
The wise Euripides inspir'd,
You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens sav'd from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlock'd the springs of wo;

You pen'd what exil'd Naso thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd,
When Death snatch'd his long lov'd maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
And strew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With blood-shed eyes, and sombre mien,
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay,
Darkness clap'd her sable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful string,
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-fac'd Melancholy smil'd,
Drowsy Midnight ceas'd to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn,
Aside their harps ev'n Seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young.

When all Nature's hush'd asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men.
But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled coursers drawn,

Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heav'n-plum'd wings,
You mount, and Nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
'Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighb'ring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleas'd Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume,
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.

Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.

What is fame? an empty bubble:
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your Sibyl grot repair,
On yon hanging cliff it stands
Scoop'd by Nature's salvage hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decay'd:
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

Save me! what's yon shrouded shade,
That wanders in the dark-brown glade?
It beckons me! vain fears adieu,
Mysterious ghost, I follow you.

Ah me! too well that gait I know,
My youth's first friend, my manhood's wo!
Its breast it bares! what! stain'd with blood?
Quick let me stanch the vital flood.
O spirit, whither art thou flown?
Why left me comfortless alone?
O Solitude, on me bestow
The heart-felt harmony of wo,
Such, such, as on th' Ausonian shore,
Sweet Dorian Moschus trill'd of yore:
No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more, than Bion was, thou wert.

O goddess of the tearful eye,
The never-ceasing stream supply.
Let us with Retirement go
To charnels, and the house of wo,
O'er Friendship's herse low-drooping mourn,
Where the sickly tapers burn,
Where Death and nun-clad Sorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the solemn knell.
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles,
Light flashes through the vaulted iles.
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,
O goddess of the desert, hail!
She bursts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Insulted by the wintry wave

Her brow an ivy garland binds,
Her tresses wanton with the winds,
A lion's spoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careless thrown;
Her right-hand wields a knotted mace,
Her eyes roll wild, a stride her pace,
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which she oft herself beholds.
O goddess of the desert, hail!
And softer blow, thou western gale!

Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,
And disappointment seems entail'd;
Since all on earth I valued most,
My guide, my stay, my friend is lost;
You, only you, can make me blest,
And hush the tempest in my breast.
Then gently deign to guide my feet
To your hermit-trodden seat,
Where I may live at last my own,
Where I at last may die unknown.

I spoke, she twin'd her magic ray,
And thus she said, or seem'd to say:
Youth, you are mistaken, if you think to find
In shades a medicine for a troubled mind;

Wan Grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you go,
Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow,
There pale Inaction pines his life away,
And, satiate, curses the return of day:
There naked Frenzy laughing wild with pain,
Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main:
There Superstition broods o'er all her fears,
And yells of demons in the Zephyr hears.
But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell,
And bid to social life a last farewell;
'Tis impious—
God never made an independent man,
'Twould jar the concord of his general plan:
See every part of that stupendous whole,
'Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,'
To one great end, the general good, conspire,
From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, fire.
Should man through nature solitary roam,
His will his sovereign, every where his home,
What force would guard him from the lion's jaw?
What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw?
Or should Fate lead him to some safer shore,
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar;
Where liberal nature all her charms bestows,
Suns shine, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water flows,

Fool, dost thou think he'd revel on the store,
Absolve the care of Heav'n, nor ask for more?
Tho' waters flow'd, flow'rs bloom'd, and Phœbus shone,
He'd sigh, he'd murmur that he was alone.
For know, the Maker on the human breast
A sense of kindred, country, man, imprest;
And social life to better, aid, adorn,
With proper faculties each mortal's born.

Though Nature's works the ruling mind declare,
And well deserve enquiry's serious care,
The God (whate'er Misanthropy may say)
Shines, beams in man with most unclouded ray.
What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole,
Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll?
What boots through space's furthest bourns to roam,
If thou, O man, a stranger art at home?
Then know thyself, the human mind survey,
The use, the pleasure will the toil repay.
Hence Inspiration plans his manner'd lays,
Hence Homer's crown, and, Shakespear, hence thy bays.
Hence he, the pride of Athens, and the shame,
The best and wisest of mankind became.
Nor study only, practice what you know,
Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine;
Those who in study, should in practice shine.

Say, does the learned lord of Hagley's shade,
Charm man so much by mossy fountains laid,
As when arous'd, he stems corruption's course,
And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?
When freedom gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,
Then public virtue might to shades retreat;
But where she breathes, the least may useful be,
And freedom, Britain, still belongs to thee.
Though man's ungrateful, or though Fortune frown;
Is the reward of worth a song, or crown?
Nor yet unrecompens'd are Virtue's pains,
Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns.
On each condition disappointments wait,
Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate.
Nor dare repine, though early friendship bleed,
From love, the world, and all its cares he's freed.
But know, Adversity's the child of God;
Whom Heaven approves of most, most feel her rod.
When smooth old ocean and each storm's asleep,
Then Ignorance may plough the watery deep,
But when the demons of the tempest rave,
Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.
Sidney, what good man envies not thy blow?
Who would not wish Anytus for a foe?
Intrepid Virtue triumphs over Fate,
The good can never be unfortunate.

And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
The height of virtue is to serve mankind.

But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,
When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
Then may'st thou seek the stillness of retreat,
Then hear aloof the human tempest beat,
Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

[TICKELL.]

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath staid,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid;
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse, that real wo inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,
Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu!

To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles shew
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excel'd;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught, and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell,
How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?

Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When age misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form (which, so the heav'ns decree,
Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truths, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend sincere;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and the evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These words divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,

Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon thy coffin lies!
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues; each other's boast! farewell.
Farewell, whom join'd in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

CYNTHIA;

AN ELEGIAC POEM.

[DR. PERCY.]

Beneath an aged oak's embow'ring shade,
Whose spreading arms with gray moss fringed were,
Around whose trunk the clasping ivy stray'd;
A love-lorn youth oft pensive would repair.

Fast by a Naïad taught her stream to glide,
Which through the dale a winding channel wore;
The silver willow deck'd its verdant side,
The whisp'ring sedges wav'd along the shore.

Here oft, when morn peep'd o'er the dusky hill;
Here oft when eve bedew'd the misty vale;
Careless he laid him all beside the rill,
And pour'd in strains like these his artless tale.

Ah! would he say—and then a sigh would heave;
Ah Cynthia! sweeter than the breath of morn,
Soft as the gentle breath that fans at eve,
Of thee bereft how shall I live forlorn?

Ah! what avails this sweetly solemn bow'r,
That silent stream where dimpling eddies play;
Yon thymy bank bedeck'd with many a flow'r,
Where maple-tufts exclude the beam of day?

Rob'd of my love, for how can these delight,
Though lavish Spring her smiles around has cast!
Despair, alas! that whelms the soul in night,
Dims the sad eye and deadens every taste.

As droops the lily at the blighting gale;
Or crimson-spotted cowslips of the mead,
Whose tender stalk (alas! their stalk so frail)
Some hasty foot hath bruis'd with heedless tread:

As droops the woodbine, when some village hind
Hath fell'd the sapling elm it fondly bound;

No more it gadding dances in the wind,
But trails its fading beauties on the ground:

So droops my soul, dear maid, downcast and sad,
For ever! ah! for ever torn from thee;
Bereft of each sweet hope, which once it had,
When love, when treacherous love first smil'd on me.

Return blest days, return ye laughing hours,
Which led me up the roseate steep of youth;
Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flow'rs,
And bade me court chaste Science and fair Truth.

Ye know, the curling breeze, or gilded fly
That idly wantons in the noontide air,
Was not so free, was not so gay as I,
For ah! I knew not then or love, or care.

Witness, ye winged daughters of the year,
If e'er a sigh had learnt to heave my breast!
If e'er my cheek was conscious of a tear,
'Till Cynthia came and rob'd my soul of rest!

O have you seen, bath'd in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display;
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

[JUDGE BLACKSTONE.]

As by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destin'd way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;
'Till on some neighb'ring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of Fancy and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithsome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill, or shady grove,

Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
And aged elms with aweful bend
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more,
Lost to the field, and torn from you,
Farewell! a long, a last adieu.

Me wrangling courts, and stubborn Law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw;
There selfish Faction rules the day,
And Pride and Av'rice throng the way:
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry and Riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, when in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round:

No room for Peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakspeare no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heav'n-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these, a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry
That grate the soul of harmony,
Each pedant sage unlocks his store,
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding, close retreat,
Is Justice doom'd to fix her seat,
There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the Law,
She keeps the wond'ring world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retir'd,
Like eastern queens, is more admir'd.

O let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!

There humbly mark, with rev'rent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's Law,
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
(Th' united boast of many an age,
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years)
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!

Thus though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homefelt bliss
Of innocence, and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe;
Uncurs'd amid the harpy-tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

[COTTON.]

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs:
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When, with impatient wing, she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they are all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need?
For nature's calls are few:
In this, the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
Dear Chloe, this is Wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to Heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
(Since winter life is seldom sweet)
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and wo,
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

THE TRIUMPH OF INDIFFERENCE.

IMITATED FROM METASTASIO.

[ANON.]

THANKS, dear coquet! indulgent cheat!
Kind heaven, and your more kind deceit,
At length have set me free;
No more I sigh, and doat, and pine,
All ease without, and calm within,
In peace and liberty.

Cupid no more has power to scorch,
Time sure has rob'd him of his torch,
Ne'er was a cooler creature:
That name no more has such eclat,
No more my heart goes pit-a-pat
At sight of each dear feature.

I sleep at night, and sometimes dream,
Nor you the fond vexatious theme;
I wake, nor think about you:
I meet, I leave you, meet again,
But feel no mighty joy or pain,
Or with you, or without you.

Now with indifference I chat
Of eyes, lips, bubbies, and all that,
And laugh at former follies:
Joke with my rival when we meet,
What eye so keen! what lips so sweet!
What skin so soft as Molly's!

Leave then those little torturing arts,
You practice on complying hearts;
They're all in vain, believe me:
Whether those eyes look kind, or weep,
The pouting, or the smiling lip,
Will neither please, nor grieve me.

From those despotic looks, no more
(Once tyrants of each fickle hour)
I date my grief and joy:
May, though you frown, looks sweetly clad;
And dull December's mighty sad,
Though you stand smiling by.

Yet still (for I am quite sincere)
You're mighty pretty,—true, my dear;
But, like your pretty sex,
You've here and there, and now and then
A failing; for like other men,
I now can spy defects.

Yet once with coward fondness curs'd,
My poor weak heart I fear'd would burst
At thought of separation:
But now despise my feeble chain,
And bless the salutary pain
That cur'd me of my passion.

Impatient of his iron cage,
The bird thus spends his little rage,
And 'scapes with shatter'd wings:
But soon with new-fledg'd pinions soars,
And hast'ning to his native bow'rs,
A joyful welcome sings.

Fond female vanity will say,
These long harangues they sure betray
A heart that's hankering still:
This passion so proclaim'd in song,
This tale so pleasing to the tongue,
Does it not touch the will?

Lovers, like soldiers, Molly, dwell
With pleasure on the horrid tale,
When all the danger's o'er:
Like other slaves from fetters free,
We smile with anxious joy, to see
The chains which once we wore.

In kind indulgence to a heart,
Engag'd in so severe a part,
This sweet revenge I write;
Rail, weep, be woman all, for I
Lull'd in indifference, defy
Your fondness or your spite.

A frail false maid I lost, but you
A man, fond, generous, and true;
Which fortune is the worse?
Try all love's mighty empire round,
A faithful lover's seldom found;
A jilt's a common curse.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

[SMOLLETT.]

1746.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground:
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babe, and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life!
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,

Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of wo,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause! oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,

The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.'

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

[IBID.]

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave the crystal flood;
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds, and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

TO A FRIEND.

[MASON.]

AH! cease this kind persuasive strain,
Which, when it flows from friendship's tongue,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpowers beyond the Siren's song:
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muse upon my wo.
Why lure me from these pale retreats?
Why rob me of these pensive sweets?
Can Music's voice, can Beauty's eye,
Can Painting's glowing hand, supply
A charm so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft-tinkling down the moss-grown hill,
Whilst through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray.

Say, from Affliction's various source
Do none but turbid waters flow?

And cannot Fancy clear their course?
For Fancy is the friend of wo.
Say, 'mid that grove, in love-lorn state,
When yon poor ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all that meets the shepherd's ear,
Inspir'd by anguish, and despair?
Ah no, fair Fancy rules the song:
She swells her throat; she guides her tongue;
She bids the waving aspen-spray
Quiver in cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed osiers bow,
And rustle round the lake below,
To suit the tenor of her gurgling sighs,
And sooth her throbbing breast with solemn sympathies.

To thee, whose young and polish'd brow
The wrinkling hand of Sorrow spares;
Whose cheeks, bestrew'd with roses, know
No channel for the tide of tears;
To thee yon abbey dank, and lone,
Where ivy chains each mould'ring stone
That nods o'er many a martyr's tomb,
May cast a formidable gloom.
Yet some there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander through the cloisters drear,
Could rove each desolated isle,
Though midnight thunders shook the pile;

And dauntless view, or seem to view,
(As faintly flash the lightnings blue)
Thin shiv'ring ghosts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults along.

But such terrific charms as these,
I ask not yet: my sober mind
The fainter forms of sadness please;
My sorrows are of softer kind.
Through this still valley let me stray,
Wrapt in some strain of pensive Gray:
Whose lofty genius bears along
The conscious dignity of song;
And, scorning from the sacred store
To waste a note on Pride, or Power,
Roves, when the glimmering twilight glooms,
And warbles 'mid the rustic tombs:
He too perchance, (for well I know
His heart would melt with friendly wo)
He too perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my hov'ring shade.

ODE TO FANCY.

[J. WARTON.]

O PARENT of each lovely Muse!
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse;
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide;
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine;
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph! with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare;
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd;
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand;
Of power to bid fresh gardens blow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow;
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey,
Through air, and over earth and sea:
While the vast, various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes;

O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water, you reside;
'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between:
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke;
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd;
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne.
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell;
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor;
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest.
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild, poetic dream;
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear;

And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, Goddess, by the right hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy, and white-robed Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song:
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy!
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels, and the house of wo;
To gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek.
Or to some abbey's mouldering tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,

The naked beggar shivering lies,
Whilst whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat,
The trumpet's clangours pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear:
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo, the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—What spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war;
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where tumult and destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield.
O guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks, and alleys green,

Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervors of the mid-day sun.
The pangs of absence, O remove,
For thou can'st place me near my love;
Can'st fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss;
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence!
When young-ey'd Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane,
To utter an unhallow'd strain;
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.

O hear our prayer, O hither come,
From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave:
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with inexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre;
Who, with some new unequall'd song,
May rise above the rhyming throng;
O'er all our listening passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain:
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.
Or deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk;
Teach him to scorn with frigid art,
Feebly to touch th' enraptur'd heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critic's studied laws:
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

ODE ON THE SPRING,

TO A LADY.

[IBID.]

Lo! Spring array'd in primrose-colour'd robe,
Fresh beauties sheds on each enliven'd scene,
With show'rs and sunshine cheers the smiling globe,
And mantles hill and vale in glowing green.

All nature feels her vital heat around,
The pregnant glebe now bursts with foodful grain,
With kindly warmth she opes the frozen ground,
And with new life informs the teeming plain.

She calls the fishes from their oozy beds,
And animates the deep with genial love,
She bids the herds bound sportive o'er the mead,
And with glad songs awakes the joyous grove.

No more the glaring tiger roams for prey,
All-powerful Love subdues his savage soul,
To find his spotted mate he darts away,
While gentler thoughts the thirst of blood control.

But ah! while all is warmth and soft desire,
While all around Spring's cheerful influence own,
You feel not, Amoret, her quickening fire,
To Spring's kind heat, of all a foe alone.

ODE TO EVENING.

[IBID.]

HAIL meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober gray,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves,
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;
The drooping daisies bathe in honey dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's slender stalk.

The panting dryads, that in day's fierce heat,
To inmost bowers, and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton evening-dance;
Old Silvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the watery scene;
And from the sheep-cote, and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the Green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep, and lengthening shadow spies;
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

Now every passion sleeps: desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless pride:
An holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger, and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
Listening to every wildly-warbling throat
That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

[T. WARTON.]

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild,
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:

And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfeu's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill;

Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

THE SUICIDE.

[IBID.]

Beneath the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A Slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dyes
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dim'd the struggling day;
As by the brook, that lingering laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embrued;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood,

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant shape she rear'd.

'Is this,' mistaken Scorn will cry,
'Is this the youth whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?
Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
Had stor'd with all her ample views,
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime.'

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of wo.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love:
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With Spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chaunted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took:

'Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

'Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born Wo:
Yet the same power that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.

'Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murd'rer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm:
Had bade the sun of hope appear
To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.

'Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath:
In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death.'

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

[IBID.]

With dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
Coy May: full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the Fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.
Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill,
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flower
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps:
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.

While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half robed appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay painted, soon
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,

Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery vail
Looks through the thin descending hail,
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely-waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And, to the toils of nature true,
Wreathe their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never sere,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile,
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent's oozy stains,
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray,
A thousand tumbling rills inlay

With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And Plenty load her ample horn.

ODE ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

[IBID.]

HENCE, iron-sceptred Winter, haste
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude,
Mid cataracts of ice,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude,
From many an airy precipice,

Where, ever beat by sleety showers,
Thy gloomy gothic castle towers;
Amid whose howling aisles and halls,
Where no gay sun-beam paints the walls,
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

Ev'n now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat:
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shewn
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat emboss'd
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, farewell! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods, delight no more:
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!
But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.

Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With musky nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring,)
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint, in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet,
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonair;
And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee, nymph! and hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy:
Leisure, that through the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving shepherdess!
And that sweet stripling Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
On river-margins, mossy green.
But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air;
'Tis May, the Grace—confest she stands,
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
Their wings all ting'd in iris hues;
With whom the powers of Flora play,
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,
Has dress'd the groves in livery green;

When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build;
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading steams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;
Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There through the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet evening objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants,
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbines' balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume:
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:

Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell;
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot:
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep embattled ears of corn.
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
Meantime, a thousand dyes invest
The ruby chambers of the West!
That all aslant the village tow'r
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze:
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Portrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lap'd, nor heed the way:

Wandering through the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill.
And on each moss-wove border damp
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the Sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r;
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess, lead
To the tan'd haycock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath:
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down;
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil, that hums around;
And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-show'r,
When the bright sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving Nature's form;
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue;

There issuing forth, the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While, as I walk, from pearled bush
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush;
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue:
And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivied oak,
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;

Or noon-tide grot where Silvan sleeps
On hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands,
Smote with keen heat, the traveller stands;
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage Solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark,
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite,

With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Illissus' laureate shore.
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!
Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips, clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges gray
Crown'd, a scant rivulet winds its way,
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen;
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might choose,
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease,
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn:

Or bow'r in Vallombrosa's shade,
By legendary pens portray'd.
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven towers
Of that proud castle's painted bowers,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quivering lance and twanging string.
As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach enquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild Morn in saffron stole,
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence Nature's universal face
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;

The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-spangling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O! every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous, rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,
And cattle, rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou, alone, O Summer mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all!
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe a bower of bliss!
With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve,

In vallies, where mild whispers use
Of shade and stream, to court the muse;
While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And Age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around inclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours:
By Nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
Still grot of Peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or sooth the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The social scene of dear delight:
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
The musing eve, and idle day.

Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classic wit:
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise:
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
And paint heroic ancient deeds:
To chant fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
And Edward, stern in sable mail;
Or wandering Brutus' lawless doom,
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poësy
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand,
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flowerets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek,
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.
She shall be my blooming bride;
With her, as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance,
For ever held in holy trance.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

[GRAY.]

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
  Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
  And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
  The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
  Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
  A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
  O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
  (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
  How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!

Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

ON THE

DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

[IBID.]

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between:
(Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stir'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glitters, gold.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

[IBID.]

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY'S holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,

And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest wo.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

[IBID.]

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!

Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learnt to melt at others' wo.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,

Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

FROM THE WELCH.

[IBID.]

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair, and honourable Death.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

[IBID.]

I. 1.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
'Confusion on thy banners wait;
'Though fan'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
'They mock the air with idle state.
'Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor ev'n thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
'To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

* This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of wo,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main:
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
'On dreary Arvon's shore* they lie,

* The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite the isle of Anglesey.

'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
'The famish'd Eagle* screams, and passes by.
'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not sleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
'I see them sit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding sheet of Edward's race;
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn shall re-echo with affright
"The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
"Shrieks of an agonizing King!†

* Cambden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon.

† Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-Castle.

" She-wolf of France,* with unrelenting fangs,
" That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
" From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
" The scourge of Heav'n.† What Terrors round him wait!
" Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" Low on his funeral couch he lies!‡
" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
" A tear to grace his obsequies.
" Is the sable warrior‖ fled?
" Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
" The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
" Gone to salute the rising Morn.
" Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;§
" Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;

* Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen.
† Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.
‡ Death of that King, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.
‖ Edward, the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.
§ Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign.

" Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
" That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
" The rich repast prepare,
" Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
" Close by the regal chair
" Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
" A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.*
" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
" Long years of havock† urge their destin'd course,
" And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
" Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed, ‡
" Revere his Consort's|| faith, his Father's§ fame,

* Richard the Second (as we are told by all the old writers) was starved to death.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

‡ Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

|| Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

§ Henry the Fifth.

"And spare the meek Usurper's* holy head.
"Above, below, the rose of snow,†
"Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
"The bristled Boar‡ in infant gore
"Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
"Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
"Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
"(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
"Half of thy heart‖ we consecrate.
"(The web is wove. The work is done.)"
'Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
'Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
'In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
'They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
'But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
'Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?

* Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

† The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

‡ The silver Boar was the badge of Richard the Third.

‖ Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

'Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
'Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
'No more our long-lost Arthur* we bewail.
'All hail, ye genuine Kings,† Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold
'Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
'And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
'In bearded majesty, appear.
'In the midst a Form divine!
'Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
'Her lion-port,‡ her awe-commanding face,
'Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
'What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
'What strains of vocal transport round her play!

* It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-Land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

‡ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, Ambassador of Poland, says, 'And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes.'

'Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,* hear;
'They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
'Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
'Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

'The verse adorn again
'Fierce War, and faithful Love,
'And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction† drest.
'In buskin'd measures‡ move
'Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
'With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
'A voice, as of the Cherub-choir,‖
'Gales from blooming Eden bear;
'And distant warblings§ lessen on my ear,
'That lost in long futurity expire.
'Fond impious Man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
'Enough for me: With joy I see
'The different doom our fates assign.

* Taliessin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

† Spenser. ‡ Shakspeare. ‖ Milton.

§ The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

'Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke; and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

[IBID.]

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's* harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

* The various sources of Poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress, enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the *conflict of* tumultuous passions.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign* of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul.

To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills* await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

* To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the Day by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the Night.

II. 2.

In climes* beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,†
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!

* Extensive influence of poetic Genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.

† Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England.

Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling* laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

* Shakspeare.

III. 2.

Nor second He,* that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstacy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more——
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle† bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:

* Milton. † Pindar.

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

ODE ON LYRIC POETRY.

[AKENSIDE.]

I. 1.

Once more I join the Thespian choir,
And taste th' inspiring fount again;
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy pow'rful strain!
And lo! with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and op'ning shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat;
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, list'ning round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
His silver tresses breathe perfume,

His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful Cares! away,
And let me listen to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in smooth dance the light-wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron pow'rs,
Kind Laughter and convivial Joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulse and a threat'ning hand!
The Lesbian patriot* smites the sounding chords.
Ye wretches! ye perfidious train!
Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men!
Ye murd'rers of the laws!
Though now ye glory in your lust,
Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cause.

II. 1.

But lo! to Sappho's melting airs
Descends the radiant queen of Love:

* Alcæus.

She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
Her suppliant's plaintive measures move?
Why is my faithful maid distrest?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?
Say, flies he?—Soon he shall pursue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He soon shall give:
Slights he thy sorrows?—He shall grieve,
And soon to all thy wishes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene! for whom
Awakes thy golden shell again?
What mortal breath shall e'er presume
To echo that unbounded strain?
Majestic in the frown of years
Behold the man of Thebes* appears:
For some there are whose mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd,
As eagles drink the noon-tide flame.

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muse!
While I so late unlock thy purer springs,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse.

* Pindar.

Wilt thou for Albion's sons around,
(Ne'er had'st thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from shore to shore,
Through Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,
Till towns, and isles, and seas, return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleasure's lawless throng,
Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song,
Pollute with impious revels dire.
O fair, O chaste! thy echoing shade
May no foul discord here invade;
Nor let thy strings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her social tribes may hear,
And Heav'n's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre! in thy retreat
The fairest flow'rs of Pindus glow,
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow:
Thy strings adapt their varied strain
To ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry pain,

Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And strait our passions rise or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean swells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When Midnight listens o'er the slumb'ring earth,
Let me, O Muse! thy solemn whispers hear;
When Morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my op'ning ear;
And, ever watchful at thy side,
Let Wisdom's awful suffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was giv'n
To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n:
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

IV. 1.

Oft, as to well-earn'd ease resign'd,
I quit the maze where Science toils,
Do thou refresh my yielding mind
With all thy gay delusive spoils;
But oh indulgent, come not nigh
The busy steps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy Care or gainful Age,
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
And hold as foes to Reason's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When Friendship and when letter'd Mirth
Haply partake my simple board,
Then let thy blameless hand call forth
The music of the Teian chord;
Or, if invoked at softer hours,
Oh seek with me the happy bow'rs
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue:
To Beauty link'd with Virtue's train,
To Love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy, and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incense on the vestal flame
Of Liberty, my genius gives command;
Nor Theban voice, nor Lesbian lyre,
From thee, O Muse! do I require,
While my presaging mind,
Conscious of pow'rs she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate submits to be confined.

ODE

TO THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

M DCC XLVII.

[IBID.]

I. 1.

The wise and great of ev'ry clime,
Through all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her pow'r display'd,
With joy have listen'd and obey'd:
For, taught of Heav'n, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal sense impart:
They best the soul with glory fire;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire;
And high o'er Fortune's rage enthrone the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
The vengeful bosom to disarm;
To melt the proud with human wo,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a pow'r like this afford?
Can Cromwell's art, or Marlborough's sword,
An equal empire claim?

No, Hastings! thou my words wilt own:
Thy breast the gifts of ev'ry Muse hath known;
Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,
And the blest function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour; to assert
From all that scorned Vice or slavish Fear hath sung.
Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings,
Warbling at will in Pleasure's myrtle bow'r;
Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings,
By flatt'ring minstrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to spurn the heav'nly Muse's reign.
A different strain,
And other themes
From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams
(Thou well can'st witness) meet the purged ear:
Such as when Greece to her immortal shell
Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear;
To hear the sweet instructress tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its noblest use may find,
How best for freedom be resign'd;
And how, by Glory, Virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian* father's strain
To many a kind domestic train,
Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
Had cheer'd the rev'rend pilgrim's soul;
When, ev'ry hospitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He struck his magic strings;
And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft where happy spirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming shell,
Oft near him, with applauding hands,
The Genius of his country stands;
To list'ning gods he makes him known,
That man divine, by whom were sown
The seeds of Grecian fame:
Who first the race with freedom fir'd;
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd;†
From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies came.

* Homer.

† Lycurgus, the Lacedæmonian lawgiver, brought into Greece from Asia Minor the first complete copy of Homer's works.

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age!
When Aristides ruled, and Cimon fought;
When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar* saw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar! oft shall thou be hail'd of me:
Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine;
Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee;
Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
Pan danced their measure with the sylvan throng;
But that thy song
Was proud t' unfold
What thy base rulers trembled to behold;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame:
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy fame!
The Muse's law didst rightly know;

* Pindar was contemporary with Aristides and Cimon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common interest of his country, though his fellow-citizens the Thebans had sold themselves to the Persian king. As the argument of this ode implies that great poetical talents and high sentiments of liberty do reciprocally produce and assist each other, so Pindar is perhaps the most exemplary proof of this connection which occurs in history.

That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raise,
Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approved of later times,
Whose verse adorn'd a tyrant's* crimes?
Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
And lent th' imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted bard,
No, not the strains that Mincius heard,
Or Tiber's hills reply'd,
Dare to the Muse's ear aspire;
Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great!
Then turn, and, while each western clime
Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name;

* Octavius Cæsar.

And add, 'Thus differs from the throng
'The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
'Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's fame.'

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
His memory with unholy rage pursues,
While from these arduous cares of public weal
She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.
O fool! to think the man whose ample mind
Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey,
Must join the noblest forms of every kind
The world's most perfect image to display,
Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!
O fool! to deem
That he, whose thought must visit ev'ry theme,
Whose heart must ev'ry strong emotion know,
Inspired by Nature, or by Fortune taught;
That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false ignoble science fraught,
Shall spurn at Freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will shun,*
Or hide their glories from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

* Alluding to his Defence of the People of England against Salmasius.

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muses' quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where priests the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile Ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reserv'd for angry Heav'n, and scorn'd of honest Fame.

IV. 2.

But here, where Freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known;
Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the pow'r, that rules him, shares;
Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung,
Bid public praise farewell:
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O Hastings! not to all
Can ruling Heav'n the same endowments lend:

Yet still doth Nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their diff'rent pow'rs they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine
Inform the bosom of the Muse's son;
Though with new honours the Patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the suffrage of impartial Fame.
The poet's name
He best shall prove,
Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old!
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
The grateful country of thy sires,
Thee to sublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy sires could trace,
Or thy own Edward* teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud Genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,
They led the rustic youth to arms;

* Edward III. from whom descended Henry Hastings, third Earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.

And kings their stern achievements fear'd;
While private strife their banners rear'd.
But loftier scenes to thee are shewn,
Where empire's wide-establish'd throne
No private master fills:
Where, long foretold, the people reigns:
Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains;
And judgeth what he sees; and, as he judgeth, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The swelling Democratic tide;
To watch the state's uncertain frame,
And baffle Faction's partial aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that servile band, who kneel
To Freedom's banish'd foes;
That monster, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound,
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest Heav'n's command,
That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue;
That what ensnares the heart should maim the hand,
And Virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.
But look on Freedom: see through ev'ry age
What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd!

What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd!
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains
Of happy swains,
Which now resound
Where Scarsdale's cliffs* the swelling pastures bound,
Bear witness: there, oft let the farmer hail
The sacred orchard which imbow'rs his gate,
And shew to strangers passing down the vale,
Where Cav'ndish, Booth, and Osborne, sate,
When bursting from their country's chain,
Ev'n in the midst of deadly harms,
Of papal snares and lawless arms,
They plan'd for Freedom this her noblest reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
Which Nassau gave us all to share,
Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
Could Fear have silenced Freedom's claim:

* At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarsdale, in Derbyshire, the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The house in which they met is at present a farm-house, and the country people distinguish the room where they sat by the name of the Plotting Parlour.

But Fear in vain attempts to bind
Those lofty efforts of the mind
Which social good inspires:
Where men, for this, assault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own;
And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbru'd?
When Fortune crown'd the barb'rous host,
And half th' astonish'd isle was lost?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durst one in arms appear?
Durst one in counsels pledge his life?
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife?
Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

VI. 3.

Yet, Hastings! these are they
Who challenge to themselves thy country's love;
The true, the constant, who alone can weigh
What glory should demand, or liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free pow'rs,
The gen'rous pow'rs of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the tasks of their confed'rate hours,

Lewd brawls, and lurking slander, were design'd.
Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
Oft nobly sways
Ingenuous youth:
But sought from cowards and the lying mouth
Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that sublime award.
He from the faithful records of his throne
Bids the historian and the bard
Dispose of honour and of scorn;
Discern the patriot from the slave;
And write the good, the wise, the brave,
For lessons to the multitude unborn.

AN ODE

IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

[SIR W. JONES.]

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high rais'd battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd,
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,

Not star'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
NO:—MEN, high-minded MEN,
With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endu'd,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rock, and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state,
And sov'reign LAW, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend, Discretion, like a vapour sinks,
And e'en th' all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heav'n lov'd isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be MEN no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Was it for this my gentle brother's heart
Bore in our growing loves so warm a part!
That soft indulgence deck'd his open brows,
That smiles fraternal hail'd our mutual vows!
And, as he kindly breath'd the parting sigh,
Love's crystal fluid rushing to his eye,
Was it for this our blooming hopes he blest,
Seiz'd our twined hands, and clasp'd them to his breast?
Ah! did he know his lov'd Louisa's fate,
What energy would nerve his rising hate!
Haste, my Lorenzo, to thy sister's aid!
With thy swift vengeance be her wrongs repaid!
Ye rising winds, his wandering sails restore!
Ye refluent waters, bear him to the shore!

And thou, vain bride! enjoy the meteor-ray,
The fancied sun-beam of thy nuptial day!
Stern Fury waits, to quench its transient light,
In deep, ensanguin'd, everlasting night!
Bleed, faithless, bleed!—Louisa's wrongs explored,
Shall frown relentless on her brother's sword!
—Rash, lost Louisa!— could'st thou bear the strife?
Throw on a fatal chance thy brother's life?
Or stretch, a victim to thy proud disdain,
Eugenio, pale, and bleeding on the plain?

Endure that from a bosom, once so dear,
Convulsive pangs the trembling life should tear?
Oh! should'st thou, certain of the cruel truth,
Behold, in Fancy's eye, the slaughter'd youth,
Could'st thou that lov'd, that lovely form survey,
And see it faded to insensate clay?
Eternal darkness on those eye-lids hung?
Eternal silence stiffen on that tongue?
No! wildly, from the bare surmise, I start,
And treble fondness rushes through my heart;
Live!—live, Eugenio!—free from fierce alarms,
Blest, if thou canst, e'en in my rival's arms!
O! safe, through lengthen'd years, may'st thou rema
From all the varied forms of deathful pain!
From injured honour's unrelenting ire,
The blast of accident, the fever's fire!
Soft may those dangerous graces melt away,
And gently sink in scarce perceived decay!

For this my breast its cureless woes shall hide,
Nor sting fraternal love, nor generous pride.
Yes, dear Lorenzo! thou shalt still believe,
Though much the thought thy gentle breast will grie
Louisa, lost to tenderness, and truth,
In the vain levity of thoughtless youth,

Proved to Eugenio's love a cold ingrate,
And lightly splenetic deserved her fate.

Cruel Remembrance! how shall I assuage
The yearning pangs of thy incessant rage?
What balmy comfort can the heart pervade,
When bitter tears his broken faith upbraid,
Whose hand, we fondly hoped, should wipe away
Their flowing sorrows through each future day?
Since in Reflection's grasp each blessing dies,
When the forced struggling spirit must despise
Him who, encircled with perfection's zone,
Long in our sight scarce less than angel shone.
For if Credulity her warmth impart,
With veils of light she screens the selfish heart;
But barbarous Perfidy's severe extreme,
In shades eternal, shrouds each gorgeous beam.

On the arch'd windows thus, that proudly grace
An high majestic temple's awful face,
When pours the setting sun its darting rays,
An hundred solar orbs appear to blaze;
But when th' incumbent shades of lowering night
Curtain the source of this illusive light,
Its evanescent fires no more remain,
But horrors gather round the darken'd fane;

The lofty turrets, desolately grand,
In dreary state, and lonely silence stand;
Though the dim aisles pale spectres seem to fleet,
And hollow groans the whispering walls repeat.

So, round Eugenio's form, that rises yet,
'Mid Pride's cold frown, and Passion's warm regret,
Deprived of all the lustre it retain'd,
When gay belief with sunny hue remain'd,
Incessant now the fiends of avarice glide,
With dark Ambition scowling at their side.

Detested impotence of flatter'd charms,
That could not bind my wanderer to my arms!
Ah! what avail'd your beauties, but to lure
That fleeting love, ye knew not to secure!

Like opening flow'rs, that deck the desert glade,
Fair to no purpose, flatter'd graces fade!—
One healing draught—and all shall yet be well!
'Peace is the pale-ey'd sister of the cell,'
The cell of DEATH—where Misery only knows
The soft exemption,—and the long repose.

Ah no!—a guardian spirit seems to say,
'Stay thee, Louisa, yet a little stay!

Who, shut for ever from the blissful bow'rs,
With horror and remorse at distance hear
The music that enchants th' immortal pow'rs,
The heav'nly music of well purchased praise,
Seraphic lays,
The sweet reward
On heroes, patriots, righteous kings conferr'd.
For such alone the heav'n-taught poets sing.
Tune ye for Edward,* then, the mortal strain,
His name shall well become your golden string;
Begirt with this ethereal train,
Seems he not rank'd among the gods?
Then let him reap the glorious meed
Due to each great heroic deed,
And taste the pleasures of the blest abodes.

EPODE 2.

Hail, happy prince! on whom kind fate bestows
Sublimer joys, and glory brighter far
Than Cressy's palm, and every wreath that grows
In all the blood-stain'd field of prosp'rous war;
Joys that might charm an heav'nly breast,
To make dependent millions blest,
A dying nation to restore,
And save fall'n liberty with kingly pow'r;

* Edward III. by whom the Order of the Garter was founded.

To quench the torch of discord and debate,
Relume the languid spark of public zeal,
Repair the breaches of a shatter'd state,
And gloriously compleat the plan of England's weal;
Complete the noble Gothic pile,
That on the rock of justice rear'd shall stand
In symmetry, and strength, and fame,
A rival of that boasted frame
Which virtue rais'd on Tiber's strand.
This, Edward, guardian, father of our isle,
This god-like task, to few assign'd,
Exalts thee above human-kind,
And from the realms of everlasting day
Calls down celestial bards thy praise to sing;
Calls this bright troop of spirits to survey
Thee, the great miracle of earth, a PATRIOT-KING.

END OF VOL. I.